

Massage Oil and Candelight

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Summary: Matt and Mimi's honey moon. Not too graphic really. Just imagine that you're watching a soap opera episode, because this is basically what it is. (haha--the young and the digimon..)

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After T.K had dropped Matt and Mimi off at the air port to their honeymoon to Paris, he took the others home. He wanted to stay with Kari again but didn't ask. There'll be another timeâ€¦Someday.

"Oh Matt, honey," Mimi said, boarding the plane. "I'm so excited."

"Oh yes, me too, baby." He said as they took their seats. "I've been waiting for this for a long time."

Matt sat down in the window seat and he put his arm around his new wife's shoulders. She laid her head down on his sturdy shoulder, and leaned her forehead into his neck. He leaned his cheek on her head. The plane began to take off.

"Would you like anything to drink?" The stewardess asked, pushing a table of refreshments.

"I don't suppose you have any fine champagne or anything?" Mimi guessed.

The stewardess wrinkled her nose, "What?"

"It's our honeymoon." Matt explained..

The stewardess shook her head and continued to serve the drinks.

"It's all right dear," Matt said, "when we get to our hotel suite, I'll pick up a fine bottle of champagne."

When they landed in Paris, they hurried up to their room that was reserved for them, _The Honey Moon Suite. _ It was very big, the bedroom had a waterbed, there was a big screen TV in the entertainment room with a CD player.

"Honey, why don't you go get something for us to eat, and I'll get things ready," Mimi giggled, "for tonight."

"Of course sweetheart," he kissed her deeply. "I'll ask the clerk for the best restaurant." Then he went downstairs.

Excited, she ran to the bedroom, and took off her clothes and slipped into a black and red teddy. It was something that was from her clothing shop. They just started designing lingerie, and guess who you think was the first to try it? Yup, you guessed it, Mimi!. Her black and red teddy was sleeveless, a seam of lace went across her chest and there were seams of lace on the bottom of it. The rest of it was silk. She rubbed oil on her legs and arms, dimmed the lights and took out candles and placed them in low places, lighted them and turned on some romantic music. Then, to conceal herself until for the right moment, she put on her purple robe that went just to her knees.

"Here we are honey," Matt said opening the door, "Champagne, French bread, and WHOA!" he almost stumbled over when he saw the sight of her. "Wow honey, you want to have dinner, or do you just want to skip it and make love right now?" He grinned, putting the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the doorknob outside and locked the door.

"Welcome," she was holding a candle and she brought it to the table. "No, let's eat. We'll need our energy." She winked.

The dinner was delicious and filling. They had chocolate cake for desert. Then they poured another glass of champagne. Mimi held her glass up and said, "how about a toast?"

"Wonderful, to a long and happy life together," Matt said, tinkling the tip of his glass to hers. They sipped.

"You look tense sweetheart," Mimi said. "Why don't I give you a backrub."

"Okay," he unbuttoned his shirt, peeled it off and lay face down on the couch. "I'm ready when you are, baby."

Smiling, Mimi poured the oil over Matt's back and smeared it with her hands. She massaged the knots out with the heel of her palm and her knuckles. When the knots were out, she rubbed her palms over his back, up and down and in circles.

"How does that feel, sweetheart?" she asked.

"I'm in heaven." He sighed.

She went to blow out some candles, then lighted some incense. The whole room smelt like cotton candy. She turned the music up, and began to untie her robe, when she felt Matt's arm around her. Sighing, she stood still. He turned her around and finished untying the robe. (Down, boys!) Slowly, slowly, ever so slowly, he pulled off the robe, inch by inch. He came in close to breathe her skin and kissed her neck and shoulders. Mimi's arms went limp and her robe was a purple pile at her feet. He stood back for a minute, smiling and looking at her teddy.

"Like it?" she asked, "we just started designing these."

"Did you?" he laughed, "Did you save them just for this occasion?"

"Mmm-hmm." She hummed. "We've got many others, one for each anniversary." She said as she sauntered into the bedroom.

"Wow, I can't wait!" he picked her up, kissing her all over, sat he down on the edge of the waterbed.

She sank in and rolled over her side and got under the covers. "I like waterbeds." She said honestly.

"Me too," he agreed.

He took off his shoes and socks, and dimmed the light in the bedroom. It was dark, so they could only see the outline of each other. She felt movement on the bed and it lifted her up. He joined her on the other side and he began to breathe on the side of her neck. She felt the movement under the covers, his fingers touched her arms gently, his foot slid past her knee. She felt his bare thigh, he had taken his pants off while the lights were out. (Put your tongue back in, fellas! Don't swoon just yet, ladies!)

"Oh Mimi," he breathed. "We almost never got to do this." He cupped his hand behind her head.

She wrapped his arms around his neck, and pulled his face to hers, so close, that they could smell each other's sweat and the chocolate cake. Their lips were just millimeters apart. "But we made it," she whispered, "didn't we?"

"Yeah we did," he sighed. He puckered his lips, and already they were on hers because they were close enough. He slipped his tongue inside her mouth, slowly, and carefully. He pulled back as Mimi nibbled on his lips, and the touched their foreheads together and squeezed their eyes shut.

To the sound of whispers, covers moving and water bubbling, soft piano and saxophone playing, to the smell of incenses, chocolate, sweat and to the feeling of hearts pumping, and lungs heaving, Mimi and Matt made love, sweet, sweet, passionate love for the very first time.

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THE END (Wasn't that romantic??!)

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